

Our Fourfooted Friends

AND HOW WE TREAT THEM

EDITED BY MRS. HUNTINGTON SMITH

VOLUME 8

NUMBER 5

AUGUST, 1909

Entered at the Boston Post Office as Second Class Matter

PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH BY THE ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE
51 CARVER STREET, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
5 CENTS A COPY BY THE YEAR 50 CENTS
TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES 75 CENTS

CONTENTS

Lights and Shadows of Humane Work . . .	2	Humane Education	8
For Younger Readers	3	Care of Our Useful Friends	9
League News and Notes	10		



WE DO NOT LIKE TO TRAVEL

**LIGHTS AND SHADOWS
OF HUMANE WORK**

The Annual Report of the Dubuque (Iowa) Benevolent and Humane Society, for the year ending April, 1909, was received last month at our office. It contains so many excellent lessons in kindness that we would be glad to devote much space to it, but our readers can send for it. The president is Dr. J. S. Lewis; the secretary, Mr. L. C. Bissell. Their office and the Shelter, which is one of the most important branches of their work, are at 2528 Jackson Street.

One of the good things this Society has done was to send out printed slips like the following:
To the Lady of the House;

Please order all your supplies for the day early in the morning and save my tired legs another trip, for it is hard and fast driving that kills me.

I know you have not thought of this before or you would be more considerate of me.

Appealingly yours,

The Delivery Horse.

These slips were given out to grocers, butchers, and retail dealers in other lines who were willing and glad to place one in the baskets or packages they delivered, and doubtless they were the means of saving hard-working horses much over-driving.

Such a good example as this might well be followed by every humane society.

The Refuge or Shelter Department reports 195 animals cared for during the year, some of them rescued from great suffering and cruelty.

An agent of the Society visits every stock yard, lumber yard, and other places where heavy hauling is done, as often as possible every week.

In the July 11 number of "Our Animal Friends" published weekly by the American S. P. C. A., New York, a valuable suggestion is made for summer work. A member of that society who was active in the work when in the city, did not wish to drop this necessary work when summer came. She discovered what any observant person may see in driving about the country or seashore, that the provision for watering horses was everywhere inadequate, and carried the city work with her.

Buying a number of substantial pails, she had them lettered S. P. C. A. and then distributed them over the countryside where water could be had conveniently and where someone would attend to keeping them filled.

The New York society has been maintaining a number of temporary watering stations in the city. Philadelphia is doing this work, and the Animal Rescue League of Boston keeps men at the North and South R. R. Stations and at a place in the marketing district called "The Dump," each man with five pails, where hundreds of horses are watered every day.

Five hundred dollars is offered by the A. S. P. C. A. through Alfred Wagstaff, president, for evidence which will lead to the first arrest and first conviction in the city of New York, of any person who has poisoned a horse. There has been, it is said, an epidemic of cases where, because of business rivalry or blackmail or revenge, valuable horses have been poisoned.

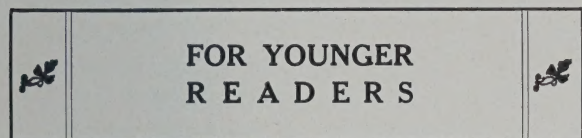
There are laws against poisoning dogs, stealing dogs and stealing cats, on the statute books of Massachusetts, but stealing is of daily occurrence and yet we never hear of a prosecution. There is a law against abandoning dogs or cats, but they are abandoned by the hundreds, and no case has ever been prosecuted, much more convicted.

Day after day we get word at the League of deserted cats and sometimes the name of the owner will be given us, but so many witnesses are needed to make out a case that we have given up reporting them to the prosecuting society.

The law is a curious machine. Last winter the veterinary doctor of the Animal Rescue League was notified that a horse had been standing over two hours in front of a pool-room on Church Street while his owner or driver was playing pool or gambling on the sidewalk in a game called craps. The doctor went to the place, found the horse standing there, saw the man, who started to run away, seized him to prevent him from getting away and was knocked down by the man who gave the doctor a vicious kick in the side and escaped.

The doctor and the president of the League, who

was in her office when this happened, reported the case at once to the police. This case was carried into court and the judge decided that nothing could be done against the man though he was known to be an evil-doer, because the doctor put his hand on him first! The doctor, who, by the way, is a constable, was laid up for several weeks as a result of the knock-down blow and the kick, and the man goes on his way rejoicing in the ease with which he can elude law and justice.



The Vision of Sylvia.

"Through the woods in summer time
The little birds are singing,
On the gentle summer winds
Their merry music flinging,
And the summer winds, their song
Through the earth are ringing."

Sylvia was wandering through a shady wood with golden flashes of sunlight darting athwart the stems of the slender trees, and these words were sounding in her ears.

"I wonder what birds are singing now?" said Sylvia. "There are sure to be thrushes and black-birds, and perhaps chaffinches and linnets."

And she sat down on a moss-grown stump, and, clasping her hands on her knees, listened intently. She had brought a basket with her which she intended to fill with the wild strawberries that grew plentifully in those parts; but the basket had fallen down upon the ground, and Sylvia had evidently forgotten all about it.

And yet the strawberries were peeping up from their delicate leaves, looking like rubies in a setting of emerald. How wonderfully beautiful everything was looking. A marvellous change, too, seemed to be taking place; the leaves on the trees were quivering with burnished gold, and though the song of the birds went on, there were other birds that she had never seen before, excepting in pictures, joining in the chorus. Birds with rare plumage, some large, some small, and hundreds of tiny humming-birds darting hither and thither. There were birds that one would not have expected to see so far away from their homes by the sea—seagulls

and puffins, and shy water-fowl, such as the coot and stork and the solitary heron.

The seagulls flapped their wings mournfully and looked sadly at Sylvia.

"It's at home in a box for the winter," said the seagull who had ventured nearest to Sylvia.

"What's at home?" asked Sylvia, in amazement.

"The remains of my grandfather," answered the seagull.

"Alas! alas!" murmured the rest of the seagulls.

"I do not understand," said Sylvia, growing more and more bewildered.

Then the seagull drew nearer and spoke thus:—

"In a box at home
Is a hat or bonnet,
With a seagull's wing
Softly folded on it."

"Why," exclaimed Sylvia, "that is my winter hat. Yes, it is carefully put away for next winter. It is a very pretty hat. I ought to thank some of your family for the pretty feathers."

The seagull's chorus rose again:—

"Cruel, heartless murderer!"

"Dear me," said Sylvia, "lots of people wear seagulls' plumes in winter. Where's the harm? They're quite fashionable and very becoming. Quite the fashion."

"I know that," replied the seagull. "More's the pity, more's the shame. We're being shot down all around that human fools may gratify their folly."

Sylvia was about to reply, when suddenly a crowd of small birds fluttered round her and began picking at her with their tiny beaks.

In vain she strove to beat them off.

And a grey parrot that was perched on a branch near her, laughed in the harsh accents in which parrots usually indulge, and when it ceased laughing, said:—

"There's a bird in your hat, my young lady,
Indeed, I may say there are two;
For the wings don't belong to the head or the tail,
Or yet to the body of blue."

Sylvia threw out her arms to get rid of the troublesome crowd, for their pecks, though they did not hurt much, made her shut her eyes and

Our Fourfooted Friends

prevented her from seeing anything, when all at once a sharp peck on her arm made her cry out.

"It's the woodpecker," said the grey parrot.

"I've not got a woodpecker in my hat," said Sylvia.

"Perhaps not, but the woodpecker is a sufferer, and so he is helping the little birds because he feels he must be avenged on someone. They are such poor little creatures, and they get caught and killed in thousands for their lovely feathers. And, besides, other people use woodpecker's skins if you don't. The birds have determined to revenge themselves for some injury or other done to them."

"Yes," said a blinking white owl, flying down and giving a sharp nip to Sylvia's other arm. "I'm worth half a dozen cats for killing mice and rats, and yet our family, with many others, is getting killed off just in the very parts of the country infested with such vermin."

"I don't see what I have to do with that," said Sylvia, sobbing with pain.

"Everyone that doesn't stand up to protect the birds has to do with it," answered the owl, slowly returning to his perch.

And still the crowd of tiny birds grew thicker and thicker till it seemed like a black cloud enveloping her. Then she stretched out her arms and cried, "Help! Help!"

And her cry was answered, for through the glittering trees three strangers came towards her, at whose approach the little birds with a shrill cry flew away from her. And Sylvia looking up said to the new comers:—

"Thanks, many thanks, I could not get rid of them."

"But we can," said the hard-looking man with thin lips and narrow forehead, who was one of the three strangers. "I don't know that I could do much in the matter without the aid of my friend, Madame Beaumonde, who is my constant helper."

"Nor I without you," said Madame Beaumonde, "we work into each other's hands."

"And I am of some use, I hope," said the third person of the group, with a simpering smile.

"That you are," responded Madame Beaumonde. "I do not know what we should do without you and your sisters and relatives generally. You are half the making of us."

Folly, for so the younger lady was named,

appeared much gratified at the tribute paid to her, and simpered again whilst she smoothed out her dress, which Sylvia now perceived was trimmed with humming-birds, whilst on her head was a curious headdress formed of a mass of golden leaves shaped into a sort of nest in which a bird of paradise was fastened. She tossed her head so that the delicate feathers shook, and in a mincing voice said:—

"Fashion is the queen I own,
Low I bow before her throne;
When she gives forth her decree
I obey implicitly.
Whatsoever be the device,
Birds or squirrels, rats or mice,
Anything that she may say,
Shall be worn; I shan't say nay."

Sylvia, who had been listening to Folly's speech, with her eyes wide open, burst out laughing.

"Rats and mice and squirrels, how queer you would look," she said.

"There's nothing to laugh at," said Madame Beaumonde, severely. "If fashion said guinea-pigs it would be the duty of fashionable people to wear them in some form or other. Fashion justifies even a guinea-pig. Nothing is queer or out of the way if fashion upholds it."

"Hurrah for fashion," said Mr. Moneygreed, the hard-looking man, "fashion puts many a guinea into my pocket. Madame Beaumonde is quite right. Nothing is absurd that fashion approves. This craze for birds and feathers amongst the ladies is the making of me. I have my emissaries in all parts of the world. I have bird-catchers in Madras who are at work in capturing fine specimens whose plumage comes to England all the year through. From Brazil and the West Indies, from the East Indies, also, packages of bird-skins and feathers are despatched. From the United States, from Africa, a flourishing trade goes on, to say nothing of our own birds in England—our wagtails, our herons, our swallows, our sea-gulls, and even our robins are useful in making up the millions of feathered creatures that are wanted."

A doleful cry rang through the beautiful greenwood as Sylvia gazed at the three strangers with horror-stricken face as she thought of the millions of birds slaughtered in order that women might adorn themselves with their dead bodies and feathers.

And while she gazed the strangers seemed to be fading away. Sylvia had just time to gasp out: "But the birds will all be killed, the beautiful birds! There will be no birds soon."

To which Madame Beaumonde calmly replied, "Then we must find something else."

And Folly laughed as if it were a good joke, and Mr. Moneygreed said, "We must work out the trade to the last sparrow," and again Folly laughed.

Sylvia closed her eyes. She was beginning to understand the wail of the birds, and it smote her to the heart. She threw down her hat with its gay plumage and trampled upon it.

"I will burn my seagull hat," she muttered.

"That is right," said the grey parrot.

And the doleful lay of the birds turned into a sort of a dirge for their murdered brethren:—

"Dead, dead! All murdered by the cruel hands
Of those who, careless of the creature's pain,
From quivering body tear the bleeding wings
Ere they are duly slain.
The tender parents feed their little ones,
And, whilst full lovingly the task they ply,
Both old and young are, by the murderer's guns,
All doomed to die."

"Horrible, is it not?" said the grey parrot. "I've watched them over and over again. How I have escaped myself I cannot tell. I suppose I may thank my grey feathers. If I had had more showy plumage I should have been more noticed. But if this slaughter goes on the birds will be avenged."

"How?" asked Sylvia.

"If the birds die out all nature will suffer, insects will increase and the fruits of the earth will perish. Besides, the beauty of the world will be lost. The song of the birds will be hushed. And there will be no more wings or feathers or velvety heads for the cruelty of fashion — or — the cruelty of women."

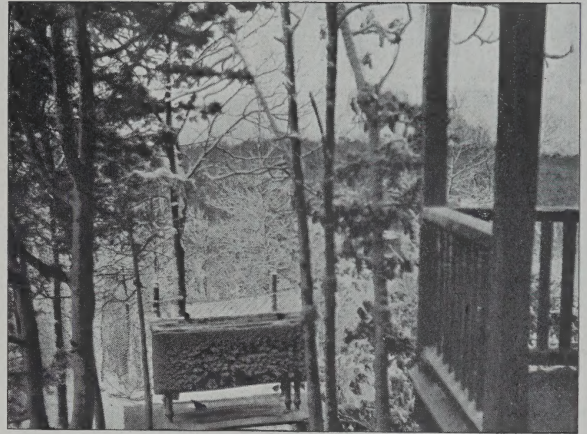
The grey parrot was evidently a bird who looked into matters. Sylvia felt quite a respect for him.

"I should like to have you for my own parrot," she said to him. "I would give you a gilt cage and feed you on the choicest food."

But the grey parrot answered, "Birds don't like cages, and I must be going home."

"So must we," said the other birds.

And they rose in the air like a great colored cloud. Then the glittering gold of the leaves died away. — *Animal World.*



THE BIRD TABLE

The Bungalow Robins.

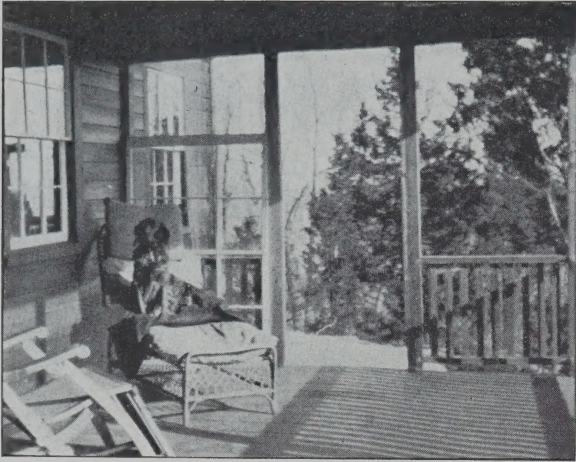
Birds, and all animals, have a way of passing the word around to each other to visit or to avoid certain places, and I am sure the word was passed around through birdland last winter that close by a little low-roofed house, surrounded by convenient cedar and pine trees where birds could dodge about and hide if they were alarmed, there was a free lunch set out every day on a large table.

They also told each other that the man who stepped out of the building and off a rock down to the table was not doing any harm, for when he went back and stood on the veranda he left behind him all sorts of good things for birds to eat in winter.

They told each other that the beautiful curly dog with hair the color of some of the reddish-brown oak leaves still hanging on the oak scrub in front of the veranda, lived with the man in the Bungalow and was a dear dog, a gentle, friendly dog. Sometimes she barked too loudly when visitors came, but she evidently thought that was her duty, and she stopped as soon as her master called out sharp and stern, "Nora!"

There was another dog that they didn't like as well. He wasn't quick enough to catch them but he was spry enough to jump way up on the very top of their table and eat their sweet crumbs. Then the Bungalow man had to shout again, "Dusty! Dusty! go home, quick!" And Dusty would run over to the barn where he slept nights, or down to the caretaker's cottage where he got his free lunch every day.

Our Fourfooted Friends



NORA, THE GOOD DOG

The birds talked and scolded a little about Dusty and Poodlums, a curly dog who looked as if he had been black once but was turning grey, for Poodlums had his one eye always open to get ahead of the other dogs and the birds if anything particularly good was to be had.

But the table was spread every day and lumps of suet were hung up in the trees, and all winter and spring the birds flew and fluttered and frolicked around in the pines and cedars. Sometimes the table was covered with soft gray juncos, plain little sparrows and dear chickadees, while the downy woodpeckers, lovely little creatures with striped wings and bright red spots on their heads, spent hours pecking away at the suet.

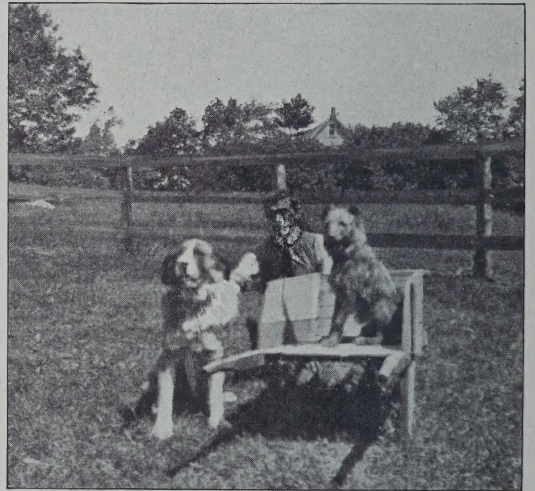
Very early in the spring — too early, the Bungalow man thought — the robins came and began to talk about building. One fine pair, Robin and Robinette, made a most careful examination of the trees near the Bungalow, and finally decided to build in rather a small cedar tree just outside the back door, so close that it seemed as if the slamming of the door (and it was a very slammy door) would shake the tree.

These young robins never built before; the weather was cold; they were in too much of a hurry, and, as they afterwards discovered to their sorrow, they did not fasten their nest securely enough to the tree. They had fine building material, for the man had put wisps of hay and excelsior and cotton around in places where the birds could find them when they got ready to build and the nest looked so comfortable when it was

done that Robinette simply longed to begin her housekeeping. Pretty soon it was evident she was guarding her eggs and she and Robin took turns keeping them warm.

Early in the morning Robin sang his sweetest songs to his little wife and all went happily. One day the family inside the Bungalow rejoiced together. "There are four fat little robins in the nest at the door," said the man. "How lovely!" said his wife, "I do hope nothing will happen to them."

It seemed as if baby robins never grew so fast and so fat and so big as the Bungalow robins and all might have gone well had it not been for a



DUSTY AND OLD BOBS

terrible wind and rain storm that came up suddenly in the night.

Alas! when the man looked out the door in the morning to see what caused the wild, distressed cries of the robins, there lay two little fat robins on the ground, cold and dead, while two were clinging to a rain-soaked nest that was half overturned and likely to fall to the ground any moment.

The man ran in the Bungalow and called another man and there was a hurried consultation. It had to be hurried for the nest was just ready to fall and poor Robin and Robinette were shrieking with anguish.

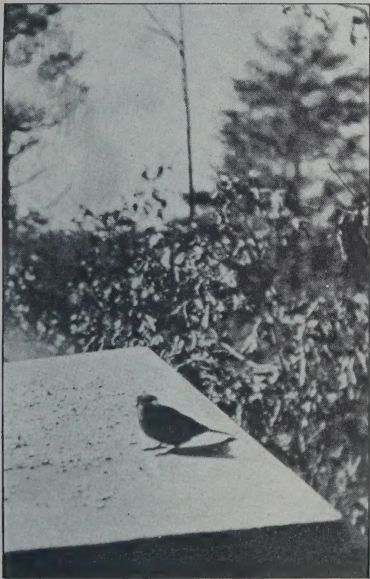
In a moment both men came out the door; one had some steps and another had an empty strawberry basket and some wire. Up the steps went one and lifted up the falling nest with its two little

frightened, cold and hungry inmates. He placed the nest in the strawberry basket and it just filled it, then he fastened the basket with nest and little ones in it, securely to the tree just where Robin and Robinette had first built their little home, and came down the steps.

The two men and the steps disappeared through the door into the Bungalow. Robin and Robinette, still uttering loud cries of anxiety and distress, flew around and around the tree, but the piercing call of the two hungry babies that were left them made them bold, and very soon Robinette was spreading her fluttering wings over the nest while Robin flew away to find worms to stop the gaping mouths.

I am glad to say that no other disaster befell the Bungalow robins and before many days two fat, full-fledged young robins were seen flying down to the ground helping their busy parents in their search for the many worms and insects that it takes to fill the little robins' stomachs.

The man of the Bungalow has made two drinking and bathing pools for birds in the rocks, one on the side and one at the back of the Bungalow, and we frequently see robins bathing in the one that is nearest the cedar tree.



A SOLITARY VISITOR

I am inclined to think that our Bungalow robins are among them and that I hear the two young robins singing sweetly near my window every morning, but among such a chorus of bird songs it is not easy to tell one robin's song from another.

The strawberry basket and empty nest still may be seen in the cedar tree at the back door, and I wonder if it ever will be occupied again.—A. H. S.

"Scotch," A Canine Hero.

It is a touching story of canine fidelity which Mr. Enos A. Mills tells of his dog "Scotch" in "Wild Life on the Rockies." Master and dog had been out on a four days' excursion on the bleak mountain tops, when, a little above timber-line, Mr. Mills stopped to take some photographs. To do this he had to take off his sheepskin mittens, which he placed in his coat pocket, but not securely, as it proved. He goes on —

"From time to time, as I climbed the summit of the continental divide, I stopped to take photographs, but on the summit the cold pierced my silk gloves, and I felt for my mittens, to find that one of them was lost.

"I stooped, put an arm round Scotch, and told him I had lost a mitten and that I wanted him to go down for it to save me trouble.

"Instead of starting off willingly as he had invariably done before in obedience to my commands, he stood still. I thought he had misunderstood me, so I patted him, and then, pointing down the slope, said 'Go for the mitten, Scotch. I will wait here for you.'

"He started for it, but went unwillingly. He had always served me so cheerfully that I could not understand it, and it was not until late the next afternoon that I realized that he had not understood me, but that he had loyally, and at the risk of his life, tried to obey me.

"My cabin, eighteen miles away, was the nearest house, and the region was utterly wild. I waited a reasonable time for Scotch to return, but he did not come back. As it was late in the afternoon and growing colder, I decided to go on toward my cabin along a route that I felt sure he would follow, and I reasoned that he would overtake me.

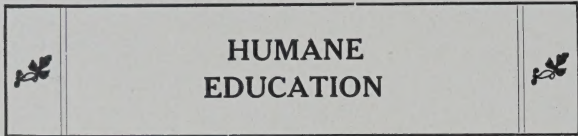
"When at midnight he had not come, I felt something was wrong. I slept two hours and decided to go to meet him. The thermometer showed fourteen below zero. I kept on going, and at two in the afternoon, twenty-four hours after I had sent Scotch back, I paused on a crag and looked below. There in the snowy world of white he lay by the mitten in the snow. He had misunderstood me, and had gone back to guard the mitten instead of to get it.

"After waiting for him to eat a luncheon, we

started merrily toward home, where we arrived at one o'clock in the morning.

"Had I not returned, I suppose Scotch would have died beside the mitten. In a region cold, cheerless, oppressive, without food, and perhaps to die, he lay down by the mitten because he understood that I told him to. In the annals of dog heroism, I know of no greater deed.

— From *Youth's Companion*.



HUMANE EDUCATION

"But that which is of particular importance here is the fact that these races associated with man are not treated by him with a consideration at all commensurate with the services they perform. He must have a hard heart or a strange understanding who can look upon the lot of man's menials and not feel their wrongs—not petty wrongs, but cruel, irreparable wrongs, wrongs that would darken the darkest pages of human history are unmercifully rained upon them. The horse, the mule, the camel, the donkey, the elephant and the ox have pretty nearly made man what he is. They have contributed and continue to contribute to human enjoyment and civilization to an extent that can never be estimated. In return for all this they are, as a rule, regularly and systematically robbed. Their lives are drained of everything that makes life worth living, and into them are poured instead all the anguish of prolonged crucifixion. They are over-loaded and over-worked, poorly sheltered, beaten without cause, neglected, insulted, starved, maimed, misunderstood, deprived of leisure and liberty, and doomed to a round of wretchedness and toil such as only machines, with no desire for happiness and no capacity for despair, would ever voluntarily enter upon. No wonder the fire soon dies out of their faces; no wonder their forms become wilted and apathetic; no wonder their comely countenances grow drawn and leathery, and out of their eyes streams the stolid solemnity that darkens the faces of the doomed. — From *The New Ethics* by J. Howard Moore.

Deserting Our Friends.

The services of the horse, the dog, the cat, like

the blessings of sunshine and rain, are given to all, — to the unthankful and the evil, to the just and the unjust. The cat, kept imprisoned in a cellar or basement, and rarely if ever fed because the master or mistress believes that by starving her she will better rid the place of rats and mice, deprived, perhaps, for days of even the cheap favor of a dish of fresh water, works in the service of her ungrateful owner until, weak and crazed by hunger and thirst, she gets sick and dies or becomes wild and savage and is brutally killed.

The dog clings to his master although starved and beaten, and protects him at the peril of his own life. Property is protected and a great many lives of men, women and children are saved every year by the faithful, and often abused and neglected dog.

Yet hundreds, yes, thousands of these faithful animals are turned out every year to die. For a time they are kept to protect, work for, or amuse men, women and children: then when they are no longer needed, or when they are old or sick, they are heartlessly abandoned. Could a noxious or dangerous enemy be treated worse than these friends of man? There are heathen and savage countries where less cruelty is shown. — A. H. S.

For Our Fourfooted Friends.

Written by Mrs. M. J. Kendall, Pres.

N. H. Woman's Humane Society.

The first work-horse parade ever held in New Hampshire took place Independence Day in Nashua as one of the feature's of the day's celebration. It was successful beyond the highest anticipations of the promoters. Over 100 teams were in line, and consisted of four and two-horse hitches, single teams, ladies' and gentlemen's driving horses, rural letter carrier rigs, and the most aged horses. It was in charge of the N. H. Woman's Humane Society, with Edward W. LaFree, Manager of the City Coal Co. as Chief Marshall.

Money was given as first prizes, with leather fly nets for second prizes, and several children interested in the work collected money for blankets for the most aged horses. The oldest one in the class proved to be thirty-eight years of age. The Crown Hill section contributed the prizes for the rural letter carriers. Every horse wore the colors of the Society, violet and gold, in the form of a handsome

satin rosette. Several teams were trimmed with the National colors and filled with children whose enthusiasm was added to that manifested by the crowds about the streets. It was truly an object lesson. The success of the first parade leads the Society to make it an annual affair. No horse wearing an overhead check or galled or lame was allowed in the parade.

CARE OF OUR USEFUL FRIENDS

A colt's mouth is so tender and sensitive it must not be rudely dealt with. It is easily cut and lacerated, or if not this, so indurated and hardened under pressure that it loses its fine qualities and becomes comparatively insensible.

—W. H. H. Murray.

Extracts from G. B. Loring's "Agriculture and the Horse."

"I break my colts at two years old; break them gently, easily, good-naturedly; amuse myself with their coltish ways; never use a harsh bit, or bar bit, or bit with key and toggle, but a large, well-covered snaffle which will not chafe the corners of the mouth as the bar does and which is kept steady with an easy-bearing rein. A biting apparatus I despise. When a colt has well-learned his lesson at two years old, he gets no more education from me until he is four or five. I never knew one to forget what he had learned and have never had any occasion to re-break one who had been allowed his two or three years of idleness, liberty and growth. In this way you avoid all violence in training; you do not interfere with the colt's spirits; you do not expose him to wrenches or strains, and you give him a chance to harden his muscles by free exercise in the open air just at the time when his bones are becoming well knit and his nervous power strong and enduring."

An experienced horse breeder who has had great success with his colts says that carrots are the most

unsatisfactory root that can be given a horse or colt, producing an unhealthy state of the skin and kidneys and overloading the cellular tissues with fat. Swedish turnips—rutabagas—make bone and muscle and are the most valuable roots that can be given a colt or an old horse that is stabled. Mr. Loring says, "I have had many a horse that has wintered on hay and turnips and always wintered well. I know of nothing which will restore a colt in early winter if he comes to the barn out of condition and begins to droop and stock as soon as he is confined to the stable, so readily and effectually as Swedes. I can drive my old horses in winter, when fed on them, an occasional drive, as well as I can when fed on corn. I can preserve their legs in good condition and their health in a good state year after year on this food.

"I am sure that while I can bring a colt to a working age with hay and turnips better than with anything else, I can also secure for myself a good, hard, lively, winter horse and the horse himself will have a longer and more useful and comfortable life.

"Turnips make bone and muscle; they keep the digestive organs in good condition; they impart vigor to the nervous system. If you are told that your horse or your colt will not eat them, let me tell you that an animal that will learn anything will soon learn to like them."

All the muscle that a horse makes after he is four years old is worth vastly more than what he makes before that time, and all the fat a colt loads upon himself before he is four years old and perhaps five is an injury to him. A colt's life is shortened and his powers weakened by early feed and early work.

Transportation of Dogs.

The trouble we are now having shows the danger of monopolies. If there were two railroads to Bar Harbor, undoubtedly one of them would allow the comfortable transportation of dogs and would be very largely patronized. It is a great mistake to let anything that is meant for convenience and comfort to the public get into the hands of any one corporation. The comfort and prosperity of a state or the country lies in competition, and discomfort and injustice to the people are sure to follow any trust.

The American people are long suffering. The great number of letters which I have received, not only from all over New England but from New York state, show how much those who own dogs and who have made them their constant companions have suffered in this matter of transportation, and it is surprising that people bear with it as they do and do not rise up and make some concentrated effort to get what the dog lovers consider their rights in this matter. There are many dangers threatening the people who travel on the railroads more serious than the danger of a dog bite; while as to the discomforts, we are constantly suffering those with the best grace we can and continue to suffer them year after year.

Take, for example, the question of the drawing-room car. I stepped into one this spring on my way to Washington, D. C. At first I thought I had made a mistake and got into a smoking car the air was so heavy with stale tobacco, but I found this came from the drawing-room at the front end of the parlor car, where the men were smoking continually, the smoke driving out of the door down through the whole parlor car where we who had paid for our seats expecting to get some degree of comfort, were obliged to suffer all the way to Washington with tobacco smoke and bad air. In this same car I felt the need of a footstool and asked the porter to give me one. To my great surprise he told me that there were not enough to go round, if he gave me one he would have to take it away from somebody else. I am rather short and cannot travel with any comfort in a parlor-car seat without a footstool, and I certainly felt that the company were not doing their duty by the passengers when they had so few footstools that some of us were obliged to travel all the way from Boston to Washington with our feet not touching the floor. As for the smoke and the cinders that we have suffered from for years, often times getting our eyes filled and enduring tortures with a specially sharp cinder, this is wholly unnecessary, and if the railroads chose to spend a little money, could be entirely obviated, but excepting in this one particular of listening to a few people who are afraid a dog on the train will bite them, and so inflict suffering on quite a large number of their passengers who own dogs, I cannot see that the railroads have made any attempt to improve the conditions of travel for years.

The sleeping cars are an abomination. One tiny little toilet room with one or two hand basins, at the end of the car, is supposed to serve all the inmates of that car. As a matter of comfort I have given up, when I am obliged to travel at night, attempting to go into this little closet or bathing room, and carry with me a good-sized bottle of water and alcohol or cologne, and a soft towel, with which I can manage to get comfortably sponged off in my berth.

	LEAGUE NEWS AND NOTES	
---	----------------------------------	---

Work Done at 51 Carver Street in June and July.

Received 2,256 cats and kittens and 523 dogs in June.

Received in July, 2,846 cats and kittens and 429 dogs.

Most of these animals came from the tenement house districts and the suburbs. We do not have many calls from Back Bay districts.

It is not too early to think about the Animal Rescue League Fair which is to be held Monday and Tuesday, December 6 and 7, in Copley Hall. A list of the tables will be given in our next issue. Articles will be gratefully received at 51 Carver Street any time this summer. Will not our friends work for the Fair and try to get others interested? A strange report has gone out that the League has money enough. On the contrary, we are continually holding back from most needed work we might do, because we lack funds.

Watering Stations.

The Animal Rescue League has established three watering stations for horses. The need was great there being no provision for watering horses near either of our large terminal stations or at the markets.

The place where this work was most needed besides the stations, seemed to be down near Atlantic Avenue at a place called "The Dump," Richmond Street, near Atlantic Avenue, where cheap vegetables and fruits are sold to peddlers. Some of the most neglected horses may be found there. The most-ignorant owners care nothing

about their horses excepting for what they can get out of them and they do not even reason enough to know that it pays to feed a horse well, give him plenty of fresh water and a stall wide enough to lie down and rest in.

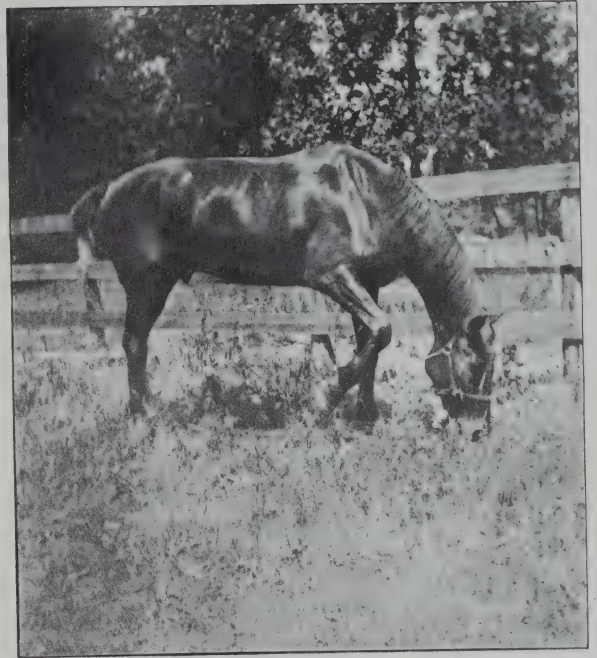
Such men do not deserve to own horses, and it is a comfort to know that they are finding it more and more difficult to get the wretched, cheap horses that have been so numerous in Boston and other cities. This is largely due to the Animal Rescue League that has kept such a close watch over the auction rooms and sales stables, that horses unfit for work cannot be sold as they once were. The League bought five such horses last month and is buying them as fast as they can be found and the money found to pay the small sum we give for them.

Pine Ridge Guests.

Since our last issue the addition to our stable has been finished and, though not as large as we could have wished and would have had were we more fortunate in getting donations of money for our work for horses, yet it gives us five new stalls, each stall having a window which opens on the side where there is a beautiful, shady grove. Every stall is filled and we have had to refuse two horses already.

In connection with this, I will answer a question which has been asked me before when I made such a statement, and so, possibly, save myself from misunderstanding. "Why do you not ask these men that you refuse, to send their horses to Red Acre Farm? They have a much larger stable, more acres of land and more money given to support the work?" In reply I will say that I have repeatedly referred men and women by letter and by telephone to Red Acre Farm, and have given the mailing and the telephone address. Probably some of these cases have been taken there, but there are many cases (and these are the kind I always mean when I say I have had to refuse horses at Pine Ridge) where owners of horses will not send them any distance by cars, or put them where they cannot walk them to the place, visit them easily, and get them back as easily at the end of perhaps only a short rest of two or three weeks.

A few of our recent arrivals may serve as illustrations.



A PINE RIDGE GUEST

Job.

A telephone from Roslindale told me that a man who had set up his son in a small grocery store, bought a cheap horse in the spring. He was no judge of horses, and he found out very soon that the horse was unfit for work. He begged us to take him for even a week or two and see if we thought that a rest would set him up again.

The horse came the same afternoon, two boys leading him, the distance being only about five miles. At first sight we said that he was beyond hope, but we knew that his owner would not be satisfied unless he tried what rest and care would do for the horse. He had no facilities himself for giving the horse such care as he needed, not even a wide enough stall for him to lie down in comfortably, so we decided to do what we could for him.

I named the poor little creature Job, on the spot, for he had the biggest and the sorest-looking "shoe boil" I ever saw on a horse. One of his hips seemed to be strained and he held up one hind leg when standing as if in pain. He was very thin, hardly more than skin and bone, and altogether was a most pitiable looking object. His age might be twelve or it might be twenty years. His new owner knew little about his previous history, but understood that he had been a "trotter."

Job came to Pine Ridge Tuesday, July 27. He was put out in a small paddock near the barn a few hours the second day. Saturday he was turned into the lane leading to one of the larger paddocks with another weary horse. To the great surprise of our caretaker he trotted down the lane into the paddock, raced about the paddock a few times, then lay down, very carefully, on the grass and stretched himself out in blissful ease.

Sunday I watched him in the paddock and it brought the tears to my eyes to see how he enjoyed rolling and stretching himself on the ground. He lay so still for a time that I feared he had actually died of joy, then he raised himself slowly and carefully and sat on his haunches like a dog, then rolled over onto the other side and lay there, whisking his long tail over his body to drive off the flies and occasionally raising his head and nibbling at the grass.

I began to think he could not get up and started up the hill to call for help, when he scrambled to his feet and walked over into the shade of the grove in one corner of the paddock.

Every night he has a special food and soon after he has had his supper he stretches himself out luxuriously on his soft bed of meadow hay in his wide stall. His owner came to see him Sunday and thought he had already gained in flesh, but he seemed willing to leave the decision with us about his ultimate fate. This owner is a kind man who would never wish to drive a horse unfit for work.

Poor Job! He is so gentle, so affectionate, that I am sure he was once a family pet. Since then he has evidently suffered much, but nothing has changed his sweet disposition. He must have had a kind mistress sometime for as soon as I appear near the paddock fence he comes to me and stretches out his nose for sugar, which he always gets. It does not seem probable that he will ever be fit even for the two or three hours' work his owner wanted him for, but it is a pleasure to feel that he is enjoying life once more in spite of the drawbacks I have mentioned.

Another vacation horse was taken in July while his owner was taking a compulsory rest himself, having been obliged to go through an operation in City Hospital. This man, no longer young, has

been the sole support of an aged mother, sister and nephew, and being incapacitated from work was most anxious about his horse.

Having known the man for several years and seen the good care he took of his horse, it was a pleasure to let the horse have a chance to run in our paddocks and get a change from the city when the unexpected opportunity arrived. Doubtless he will work the better for it.

A peddler bought a large black horse only five years old but already nearly ruined by hard work. Seeing that this young horse was leg weary, I asked the owner to give him a vacation even if it must be two weeks only, and he is clumsily gamboling about the paddock and eating his rations in our Pine Ridge stable with great appetite and gaining strength and spirits every day.

An old and lame horse whose working days ought to be over, was led out to Pine Ridge last Sunday. He is owned by a woman whose husband, a cab-driver, died recently. She wishes to carry on the business, having a man to drive, and does not wish to sell the horse that she says they have owned eight years. At present the only thing we could do was to take him and keep him as long as she will spare him from work, then try to keep a watch over him afterwards.

There are other interesting cases in our Home of Rest, but these are all we have space to describe this month.

Two white angora goats, great pets, were sent to Pine Ridge in July. They belonged to a woman in Roxbury who was ordered to give them up by the Board of Health.

The League has opened a receiving station at 69 Roxbury Street in the back rooms of Mrs. Moog, a widow with a large family of children. The place is near Dudley Street transfer station in a tenement-house district where it should do much good. The Shawmut Avenue car goes very near the house.

League Sketches.

"Jerry McNab has gone," said Mittens lifting her head from her basket and looking at Chilla who had just come up from the shed where he had been sniffing at a rat hole behind a barrel.

"Small loss," answered Chilla indifferently. "He was the dullest dog we ever had here."

"For once I agree with you," said Mittens. "I wonder where he came from."

"I can tell you all there is to tell," said Chilla, who was very curious, and being bright as well as curious learned all the news and retailed it when he felt like it to the other household animals. "His owners gave him up because they were old and he was too much trouble."

"He wasn't much trouble here," said Mittens.

"You may thank me for that," said Chilla, who had leaped up to his favorite place on top of the matron's desk. "He started to be troublesome but I soon taught him his place."

Mittens looked thoughtfully at Chilla's sharp claws which he was spreading out as if he wanted them noticed, and said:

"Yes, I heard him yelp once or twice."

"He didn't need more than one or two lessons," said Chilla, "but I'm glad he's gone and I only hope the kind-looking lady who tied a big red bow on his neck and carried him off in her arms will keep him, but I daresay she won't. If he does the least little thing she doesn't like she'll bring him back if she's like most people who take us cats and dogs into their homes."

"They haven't much patience with us, that's a fact," said Mittens. "I heard my Missie say she wouldn't let me be given away because no one would have patience with me outside of this Home. I felt glad for I don't want to leave here, but I didn't think it was very complimentary to me, and I don't know why she said it."

"I do," said Chilla. "It's because you bark and run at children and teams in the street if she takes you out. Some day you'll get run over and get your leg broken and then you'll find it doesn't pay to run out in the street."

Mittens yawned and said nothing. Chilla was busy washing his paws but stopped long enough to add, "You don't often hear of a cat being run over, but you dogs are so careless and blundering you're

always getting into trouble. About every day a dog is brought in with a broken leg or ribs, or injured some way because he was careless. Now a cat keeps out of danger and when we're injured it's almost always through the meanness of men or boys or dogs."

As Chilla stopped speaking a little white dog no bigger than Chilla came into the room, hopping along on three legs, and going up to the empty basket that Mittens had just left, crawled into it and lay down. Mittens made a step or two toward the basket as if she intended to drive out the little intruder but changed her mind and stretched herself out on the floor.

"Now there's another poor creature," said Chilla, "and how it happened she can't explain, but she says she thinks something broke her hip long ago and it was never mended."

"It couldn't be very long ago for she's only got her puppy teeth now, and my Missie, who is always lugging her around in her arms, calls her 'Baby.' If she wasn't such a little thing I should be tempted to bite her because she cries after Missie and tries to run after her, and she's only been here three days. Why, yesterday when I ran myself to meet Missie, that Baby actually climbed right over my back and got ahead of me!"

"Well, you needn't complain," said Chilla, "you get a good deal more notice than I do. The Missie lets you run into No. 47 and go all over the house, and she snatches me up and puts me out in the entry in a hurry if I manage to get in."

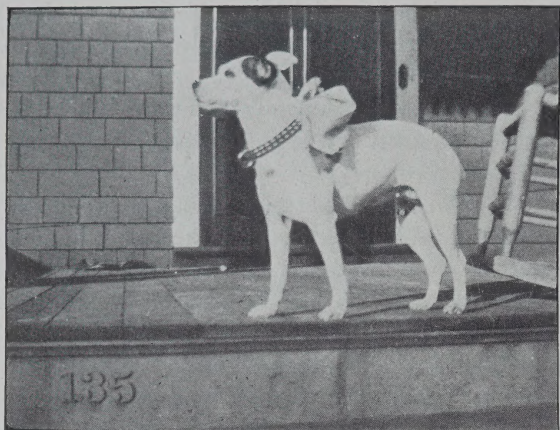
"I suppose you don't know why?" said Mittens. Then, as Chilla pretended to be very busy biting at and cleaning his nails, Mittens turned to Baby and said, "He jumps right up on the shelf where the plants are and lies down in the flower pots and bites off the leaves of the plants. Do you blame Missie for not liking that?"

Nobody replied, and Chilla, whisking his tail scornfully, walked out of the room. Mittens, who seemed to be in rather an unpleasant humor, got up and, passing a puppy under the chair, said to him,—

"You're going to get yourself into a fine mess, my young friend, if you don't mend your ways."

"What's the matter now?" said the Puppy.

"I heard the Missie say distinctly to a visitor that you were the worst little dog we ever had in



SNOW-WHITE, ONCE A LEAGUE DOG

the house. She told a visitor that she would bring you back in a hurry if she took you unless she had the temper of a saint and nothing else to do but look after you."

"That's queer," said the Puppy, lifting his rough, black curly head impudently, and winking both of his bright eyes at Mittens. "What did she say I did that was so bad?"

"She says that you try to sample everybody's boots and shoes and get in front of people and bite their feet. She says she is really afraid she will fall down stairs some day because you spring out so suddenly and jump in front of her when she is starting down stairs. Then she doesn't like it because you play so rough with me and pull me by the ear and knock me over."

"Puppies will be puppies," said the rough-coated one, "and I am sure the Missie loves me after all, because she laughs at everything I do, and is always kind to me."

"Puppies can be puppies and yet behave themselves," said Mittens. "I may have my faults, but I don't bite people's feet or pull little dogs round by their ears."

Just then Missie came into the room and there was a frantic scrabble between Mittens, Puppy and Baby as to who should reach her first. It would seem as if little lame Baby won for she was lifted in a moment to Missie's shoulder; Mittens was the next, but Puppy was so busy worrying the Missie's feet that he didn't care; while Chilla, who had come back with Missie, jumped up again on the desk and switched his tail and grinned. — A. H. S.

League Letters.

Lenox, Mass.

The dog I got from you is perfectly well and happy. They are all devoted to him and he has the run over 150 acres. He has killed a lot of rats. I never saw a happier dog. He has a fine collar.
— E. W.

Madison, Me.

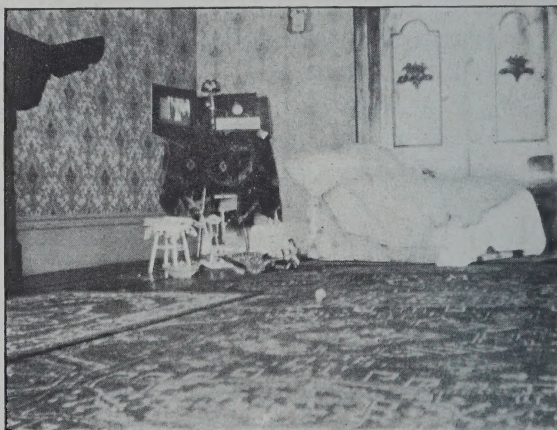
The little dog received from you is absolutely satisfactory, and we are all very fond of him. He was ill the first week, but with a doctor's care he was soon well and has grown wonderfully. — A. L. S.

Sharon, Mass.

In answer to your postal of inquiry regarding Collie dog taken May 17th by Mr. Gray, I beg to say that we think the world of him. He is a great pet, devoted to my children, and in every way satisfactory and contented. He has the best of care. We are all very fond of him. — H. G.

Providence, R. I.

In answer to the postal from you concerning the dog which I obtained from the League, I wish to say, barring some faults, and I know you cannot expect all the virtues in a dog any more than you can in a human being, we think him a fine fellow. While not aggressive to other dogs, yet I have had ample evidence to convince me that he is not of the kind to fight and run away that he might live to fight another day. He has a good home with us and we hope he will be spared to enjoy it many a day. — R. H. J.



SNOW-WHITE'S BED AND PLAYTHINGS, A BALL AND A BOX OF TREASURES SNOW-WHITE HAS PICKED



SNOW-WHITE GETTING READY FOR A NAP

Bring homeless dogs and cats to 51 Carver Street or telephone Oxford 244.

A FREE CLINIC FOR ANIMALS OF THE POOR

is maintained daily from 2 to 3 o'clock by the new

COMMONWEALTH HOSPITAL for ANIMALS

24 Cummington St., Back Bay. Tel. 2946 Back Bay

Pets sent here for board or treatment receive the best care that veterinary skill can provide. Everything new, modern and complete. Outdoor exercising yards, private wards, operating room, constant attendance. Open day and night.

SAMUEL F. WADSWORTH, M.D.V., Managing Director

DOGS AND CATS BOARDED AT SMALL COST

LYMAN

Hospital for Animals

332 Newbury Street
BOSTON

Telephone, 2200 and 2201 Back Bay

Cats Boarded

Large sunny runs and best of care given your pet.

While you enjoy your vacation let him enjoy his.

MRS. L. E. WHITNEY

58 Plympton Street, Harvard Square, Cambridge

If a young horse shows signs of cribbing he should be closely watched to see what time of day he has the inclination. It appears to be caused primarily by a gnawing of the stomach similar to dyspepsia; or it may be hunger. If he be fed just then and watched for a time each day he will be saved. Do not drug him and do not strap his neck. No horse that is brought up on a farm with good hay always before him ever becomes a cribber.

— *Farm Journal.*

Frank J. Sullivan, M.D.V.

SPECIALIST in Diseases of Small Animals

HARVARD SQUARE, CAMBRIDGE

Telephone, Cambridge 2054

Office Hours at Animal Rescue League

51 Carver Street

3 TO 6 P. M. DAILY

ESTABLISHED 1859

J. S. Waterman & Sons UNDERTAKERS

2326-2328 Washington St. Adjoining Dudley St. Terminal Station

Personal attention given to all funeral arrangements. All grades of burial cases can be selected at our salesroom, from the least expensive crepe and broadcloth covered cases to the most expensive polished hard wood, quartered oak, mahogany, teak wood, silver maple, copper, zinc, steel, outside and inside cases. The price of each is marked in plain figures.

CHAPEL FOR FUNERAL SERVICES

Telephone, Roxbury 72

George H. Waterman

Frank S. Waterman

Vacation Books for Children

The kind of reading that inspires love and appreciation for Nature and the great Out-of-door World

By WILLIAM J. LONG

Whose Home is the Wilderness
Northern Trails
Wayeeses, the White Wolf
A Little Brother to the Bear
School of the Woods
Following the Deer
Beasts of the Field
Fowls of the Air
Brier Patch Philosophy
The Wood Folk Series

Hodge's Nature Study

By MARGARET MORLEY

Flowers and Their Friends
A Few Familiar Flowers
Little Wanderers
Seed-Babies
Insect Folk
Butterflies and Bees

Stickney's Bird World
Eddy's Friends and Helpers
Strong's All the Year Round
Dickerson's Moths and Butterflies
Gould's Mother Nature's Children

GINN AND COMPANY Publishers

29 BEACON STREET

BOSTON

OLD GRIST MILL DOG BREAD

Improves and Strengthens
the Digestive Organs
Produces Health and Vigor
A Food Your Dog Will Like

SEND FOR OUR DOG BOOKLET

FREE

POTTER & WRIGHTINGTON
Charlestown - - Mass.

SPRATT'S PUPPY CAKES



THE STANDARD PUPPY FOOD

A complete and perfect food for puppies of all breeds.
Send stamp for "Dog Culture" which contains
much valuable information.

SPRATT'S PATENT, Ltd.

Newark, N. J., (Office and Factories)
St. Louis, Mo.

San Francisco, Cal.
Cleveland, Ohio

Montreal, Canada